Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I and heere I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go.
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, he shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is heere at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send them good shipping: but who is heere? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorius villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Maisters father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worshipfull old master? yes marrie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Help sonne, helpe Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Gods: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke my good father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You Mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio*.

Ped. Awaie, away mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath murdred his Master; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my sonne *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: Father *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I say he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, lest you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo